The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Over and Over Again.

OVER and over again,
The Eastern skies redden and gray;
Over and over again,
They herald the coming of day.
Stars in the blue ether, clear,
Mark the night watches less drear,
Sunshine doth gladden and cheer,
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The rivulet bubbles and sings;
Over and over again,
The grass into fresh verdure springs,
Flowers of beauty untold,
Millions of petals uphold;
Buds into leafage unfold,
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The rain drops fall from the sky:
Over and over again,
The snow flakes airily fly.
Jewels of silvery sheen,
Glisten the leafage between,
When the pure dew drops seen,
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
From rising to setting of sun,
Over and over again,
The same weary work to be done.
The sun, the stars, and the dew,
Buds, flowers and rivulets, too,
Are teaching us lessons, *so* true,
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
They have the same duties to do;
Over and over again,
Steadfast, and patient, and true.
What shows a victory won?
Little deeds faithfully done;
Little deeds one after one,
Over and over again.

H. H. D.

For the Myrtle.

Thanksgiving Reminiscences.

FROM my babyhood until I reached my teens, it was always our custom to gather at Grandfather Reed's thanksgiving day. Grandfather had two sons and a daughter, besides one adopted daughter, all of whom had families of their own. Year after year we had gathered, and still our circle remained unbroken. Then death entered the family. My own dear mother was the first one taken. She died a few weeks before one of our annual gatherings. How well I remember at one festive dinner, as Grandfather stood and asked the blessing, he feelingly alluded to the one vacant chair!

Ah! ere many years passed the vacant chairs were multiplied, and now, after the lapse of fifteen years our circle is sadly broken. We lived some miles from Grandfather's, and every year a few days before thanksgiving, he would come to see us. The last thing before leaving for home, he would say, "Now be sure and come, and be careful you are there in season for church." He lived but a few steps from the church, and as the parish was small, it was always his ambition to have as many of his guests present as possible. I have seen him stand as we left the church, and count the couples as they filed towards the house, and say with a merry laugh, "Well, we brought out so many (naming the number) to church today." Nor were the guests limited entirely to our own family. For did there happen to be a bach-

elor or widowed neighbor near who was intending to spend the day alone, a cordial invitation was extended, to share the festivities of the occasion.

Grandfather had five brothers, all old, gray-haired old men, to one of whom he seemed more warmly attached than to the others. They were nearly of an age, and had attended college at Harvard together. Grandfather's thanksgiving never seemed quite complete unless Uncle David, his wife and son were present. Our dinner was usually deferred until the arrival of the cars from B—— that they might be present to partake with us.

One year, I was allowed the great privilege of being at Grandmother's, to help prepare the goodies for the occasion. Two weeks beforehand, work was commenced, the house swept from cellar to garret, and things put to rights generally. In the cooking line the cake and mince pies were the first things attended to. Apples were pared, and raisins picked over for the latter, and while so engaged Grandmother would say laughingly, "Eat enough to keep your courage up." Healthy advice, which we were sure to follow. The week before, the baker was always spoken to, to bring bread the next week for puddings, and woe be to the poor man if the important item was forgotten. Grandmother always remembered the children. A large lot of little pies and cakes was cooked for them, and and of course they tasted much better than those baked on large plates. The little dishes in which she baked these, some were round and some square. On one occasion the round cakes had all been eaten. One little tot wanted a cake, but when one of the square ones was offered her, she burst into tears and said, "I don't want that, I want a wound one." Grandmother often quizzes her about the "wound" cake, to this day, though she is now grown up and has little ones of her own. The day before the great event was always a *very* busy day. Brown and white bread to be baked, cranberry sauce to make, turkeys to pin-feather and singe, the last floor-washing to be attended to, the table to set in the large old fashioned kitchen, the kindling and wood to be piled in the great fireplace preparatory to being lighted on the morrow, and last but not least, the bread for the puddings to be sliced, buttered, and put soaking in milk over night.

Very early on the morning of the great day, Grandmother and the hired girl would be astir, and by the time the rest of the family were down to breakfast, they would have the large brick oven hot, the puddings, spare rib &c., cooking, so as to have them done in season to reheat the oven for the turkeys and chickens. The guests usually began to arrive about ten o'clock. Grandmother always had a small table in one corner of the room, covered with pies, to which each one stopped and did ample justice before starting for church. It was usually the place of one the grandsons to supply a foot-ball for the occasion. After church the boys gathered in an open field near the house, and engaged in a general game of foot-ball. Frequently the girls would collect near to look on, they used to say, but if the ball came very near them, tell it not in Gath if I say they would show the spirit of a woman and give it a sly kick. The game would at last be broken up by a call to dinner. The guests were generally so numerous that the children would be obliged to wait until second table. This time was taken by them for a game of blind man's buff. After dinner was an hour of quiet. The older portion of the family would sit and talk over the affairs of the past year, interrupted occasionally by some younger members, who had burst off a button, or snapped a stay-string, the cause of which would be traced to the thanksgiving dinner. Very short-sighted indeed was the mother considered who did not come prepared for such accidents. Sometime after dinner, Grandfather would bring in a large pitcher of sweet cider. What meriment was occasioned one year, by one of the aunts, who was very fond of the nectar fluid, saying, "that when drinking sweet cider she always wished, like the Indian who loved rum, that her throat was long as a cart-rut." Tea was a very unceremonious affair, the things were spread on a table in the big kitchen, and each one helped himself. After tea old and young joined in games until nearly time to start for home.

Mrs. L. O. Howard.

ONE day a gentleman found a little girl busy at an ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked. A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it to help mamma," she said softly.

[From the Gospel Banner.]

Religion and the Children.

FOR S. S. CONCERTS.

[A Sunday School teacher presents her class to the Spirit Religion, to offer her their love and ask for them her care and guidance. Religion is personified by a young lady who wears a coronal or frontlet bearing her name. She is at first robed in a black garment, so arranged that it may be dropped off instantly when required, under which she wears a white dress, adorned with flowers. The teacher with her class enters from one side of the platform, and Religion from the other. Above and back of the platform may be arranged a beautiful floral tablet, or other appropriate design, bearing the motto, "God is Love," wrought in flowers. This is entirely veiled by a plain tablet, or banner of white cloth, bordered with evergreen and bearing the words "Fear God," in evergreen letters. This is to be so arranged as to drop and unveil the floral motto when required.]

Teacher.—Sweet spirit of religion,
Lend me thy helpful hand;
Aid me to bless these fresh young lives
And train this youthful band.
I bring thee these dear children,
With many a loving prayer,
To ask that thou mayst win them
And take them to thy care.
Draw their young hearts to love thee,
And, ever at their side,
Wilt thou inspire their actions
And all their foo steps guide!

Religion.—With gladness, faithful teacher,
I listen to your call.
Bring me those young immortals—
I'll take and train them all!
Come, learn of me, dear children,
In youth's bright, happy days,
And I will safely guide you
In Wisdom's pleasant ways!

[The children speak, addressing each other:]

1st Child.—We ought to seek Religion,—
At last, so we've been told—
Because she only brings us
Within the Heavenly Fold.
But she is stern, and gloomy,
And cold, I've always heard;
No happy smiles she gives us,
No free and joyous word.
I don't think I could love her,
And yet they say I must,
Or else I cannot enter
At last among the just.

2nd Child.—She tells us of God's anger—
His fiery, burning wrath,
I've heard, and bids us hasten
To flee the sinner's path.
Lest God at last forsake us
To suffer endless pain;—
But why, then, we should love Him,
I'm sure is not quite plain!
She speaks in words so chilling,
With her I cannot go—
She frightens me with terrors,
I cannot love her so!

3d Child:—I've heard that those who serve her
Must be entirely changed,
So that from things once cherished
Their hearts must be estranged.
I cannot seek her guidance,
If I my love must take
From kindred and companions
And hate them for her sake!

4th Child.—'Tis said she holds it sinful
In mirth to dance and play,
Would have us wear long faces,
Talk solemnly and pray,
And be quite prim and sober
In all we say and do;
I could't do this *always*,
If I should *try*—could you?

5th Child.—Not I—I scarce could love her;—
In sober garb she stands;
In hard paths she would lead us,
With stern, ungentle hands.
'Tis said that her disciples
Must all this world despise,
And there are many pleasures
I cannot cease to prize.

6th Child.—I've heard she teaches children
To fear God, every day,
And lest they make him angry,
To tremble and obey!
But He's so good and loving,
My ma has always said,
And I've so learned to *love* Him,
I *couldn'* be *afraid!*

Teacher.—Forbear! forbear! dear children.
You know not this sweet guide;
Clad not in garments gloomy
She's standing by your side,

[Touches the black robe which falls and reveals the dress of white.]

But decked in fairest flowers
And robed in spotless white!
Lift up your eyes, dear children,
And she shall bless your sight;

Religion.—Sweet hearts, I yearn to bless you,
And make your fresh love mine;
My richest gifts and graces
Shall all be freely thine!
I am no chilling presence,
No stern and gloomy guide—
Who tells you this, speaks slander,
To drive you from my side,

I'll take from you no pleasure,
But all true joys increase,
And fill your lives with treasure
Of blessedness and peace!
No good things I'll deny you,
No love but love of sin;
I'll open heaven's gateway
That you may enter in!

I threaten not God's anger,
But claim you for his own!
He loves you and must win you
To worship at his Throne!
Because he is your Father,
Litt up your hearts in prayer:—
Where faith and love are perfect
No fear can enter there!

In every path of duty
I'll help you firm to stand,
And every form of beauty
Grows fairer neath my hand!
I'll gladden all your journey
And lead you safely Home,
With open arms I'm waiting—
Dear children, will you come?

[As the children speak they step forward and embrace her.]

1st Child.—O now I'll love and serve you!

2d Child.— And I too!

3d Child.— So will I!

4th Child.—I humbly ask your guidance—
Please lead me till I die!

5th Child.—Take me, too, sweet instructor,
Your pupil I would be!

6th Child.—And I'll come, if you're wanting
A little one like me!

[After the first child has spoken, she steps to the side of Religion; the second child, after speaking, steps to the side of the teacher and takes her hand; the third child to the side of the first, the fourth to the side of the second, the fifth to the side of the third, and the sixth to the side of the fourth. All then standing hand in hand, Religion says:—]

Welcome with joy, dear children,
And ever hand in hand,
In love and peace and duty,
May we united stand.
May faith and trust, unfailing,
Rise every fear above,
Proclaiming that to loving hearts
Forever, GOD IS LOVE!

[All unite in the words "God is Love." At the same moment the floral motto is unveiled, and the whole school simultaneously rising, unite in singing "God is Love," or some equally appropriate piece.]

Z. Pope Vose.

For the Myrtle.

The Trouble with the Dinner.

"OH, I'm going to eat enough to last me three days," cried Robert, standing his knife and fork up on end on the table, as he begun his thanksgiving dinner.

His mother smiled. Robert was allowed to be rather boisterous, for he was just at home for a Thanksgiving-week of holidays after having been a year at school. "Well, you may," she said. "That will save me the trouble cooking the other dinners for you. I wish you would."

Robert begun heartily on the turkey and all the fixings. He held out tolerably well with the plum-pudding. But when they came to the squash and apple and mince pies, and the cake, and the fruit, and the nuts, somehow, Robert did not seem to have much appetite! Very soon they noticed that his knife and fork did not stay in his hands very well, and his head dropped to one side, and in short, he was nearly as fast as asleep as the baby, who didn't care anything about a thanksgiving dinner.

"What's the matter, Rob?" said his father, giving him a gentle shake. "Why don't you eat your dinner?"

"The dinner's bigger'n I be," droned the sleepy Rob.

Sure enough! He had not calculated upon his own size, when he made his rash resolve.

This is a true thanksgiving-story.

H. A. B.

The Farmer.

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer—

"Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive."

"No, sir," said the farmer; "our land here is just like self-righteousness!"

"Ah! how is that?" said the doctor.

"Why, sir," said he, "The more a man has of either, the poorer he is."

ONE to-day is worth two to-morrows; have you something to do to-morrow, do it to-day.

For the Myrtle.

The Well.

WHAT will recall memories of a country home more vividly than a picture of a well with the "old oaken bucket?" How does it suggest the old farm-house and the grassy yard and the high curb over whose edge we peered as children down the long, fearful depth, so dark that we could hardly see the damp, dripping, mossy wall of stone, into the still pool far below.

Sometimes there was a high beam and a long swinging sweep, with the pail hanging from a long pole at one end, and the sweep loaded with a heavy billet of wood at the other end to make the full pail come up easily out of the well. Sometimes there was a windlass, with a long rope or chain to which the pail was attached, that wound up on the windlass by turning the crank. How we had to jump out of the way if by any accident we let go of the crank when the pail was coming up! For it flew around so swiftly that it would be apt to hurt whoever it hit. A little boy was so struck in the head by the crank when his hand slipped, and it cut a wound in his head whose scar may still be seen, though he has grown to be a man.

A well without a curb is a very dangerous thing. I once heard about such a well in the door yard where a family of children lived. A man said to the mother one day, "Why don't you have a curb put around your well? I should think you would be afraid your children would fall in and be drowned. Don't you think it dangerous?"

"Oh, no, we don't consider it *very* dangerous," the mother said, in a drawling, easy way. "We've had nine children and never lost *but one* in the well."

But even wells with curbs are not always safe for venturesome children. I used to know a boy who thought it was fun to climb up and stand astride the well-curb, right over the well, when he drew a pail of water with the sweep. He delighted in this especially, if he thought his elder sister was looking. For he knew she would run with a scream and snatch him down, and be frightened nearly out of her wits. This sister used to say in after years, when she was quite an invalid, that "if people knew how she used to snatch boys down from well-curbs, and pull them out of ponds, and get them down out of trees, and off steep roofs into chamber windows, they wouldn't wonder she had no strength or nerves left."

Deep wells furnish cold and delicious water in the hot summer where people have no ice. But it is not so good as "living water," that is, from bubbling spring or running stream, or even from an open lake where streams are running in and out.

The water in the well is still, and is shut away from the light and air. It is not kept so fresh by constant change, by the flow and the evaporation under the rays of the sun, as are the open springs and streams. Hence these are called "living water." It is this water that we bring to our cities in great acqueducts, and send in living streams to every house.

Do you remember any story about a well in the Bible? Ah, yes, you remember Jacob's well, that he found in the plain of Haran, where Isaac and Abraham had digged wells before him and watered their flocks; and how he rolled away the stone from its top and watered his own flocks there, and there he met his wife, the beautiful Rachel.

You remember also that it was this same well of Jacob where Jesus came so many hundred years after, and met the woman of Samaria. And it was from this well that he asked for the drink of water.

You remember her surprise because a Jew condescended to ask a drink of water from her; and his reply. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and *who* it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee *living* water."

"Sir," she said, "thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." She did not understand about the *living* water. She only saw that he had no pitcher or urn, and no rope to reach the deep, still pool below.

What is the "living water" that Christ has to give? "Whoso *believeth* in me, *I* will be in him a fountain of water *springing up* into everlasting life." *H. A. B.*

Something to Remember.

Here is a simple verse, written by Sir Matthew Hale, a great and good man, who was Lord Chief Justice of England two hundred years ago:

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the joys of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow."

I advise you all to commit these lines to memory. They may help you some day to resist a temptation to break God's holy day.

GIFTS OF THE KNEE. The native Christians in some parts of Yoruba, West Africa, call spiritual blessings *Ikonigba*, which means, "gifts of the knees," because obtained on the bending knees in prayer to God.

Our Sunday Schools.

VERMONT.

— In Barnard our Society has no preacher, but it has an interesting meeting every Sunday. Some one reads a sermon and conducts the service. We also have a Sunday School well sustained by old and young. This place was the home of Father Ballou in the early part of his ministry.

—The White River Sunday School Union met at Bethel, Oct. 1st. The Gaysville, Barnard and Bethel Schools were will represented.

— A correspondent writes to *The Universalist* as follows: "The Sunday Schools at St. Johnsbury, Springfield, Brattleboro', Bethel, and others in Vermont, use the *Helper*, and find it a great improvement on the old scattering method. Many Schools are about trying it. The One Lesson System — after the plan of the International Series of Lessons — is coming into favor with our earnest Sunday School workers just as fast as they understand its many and superior advantages."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—Another of those New Hampshire Sunday School meetings is to be held at Nashua Dec. 9th, and 10th. We asked one of the friends if they were not putting these meetings in rather too often. And this was the answer, "if you could see the increase of interest, and the elevated tone of our work, you would not think so."

OHIO.

— Rev. T. C. Druly has settled in Middleport, and preaches every Sunday, though heretofore, for some time, they have had only occasional preaching. The Sunday School has already doubled in size and trebled in interest. The *Helper* is used, and a correspondent writes us, that "it is what its name indicates, a vigorous *Helper* indeed."

MISSOURI.

—A few words reach us from far and scattered schools. From Mrs Hull's report on Sunday Schools at the Missouri State Convention we learn that a new one has been organized at Bailey's Creek. That at Brookfield has been regularly sustainud for three years. It has a library of 140 books, is supplied with the *Guiding Star* and the MYRTLE, and uses the *Heper* Series of Lesson Papers.

NORTH CAROLINA.

—Sister S. E. Ford, of Duplin County, established some months since a Sunday School, which numbers about twenty-five scholars and is doing well. She needs more books, and it would be a worthy deed for some one to make her a donation of money, or books adapted to her work. A half dozen Manuals and Harps would be quite acceptable. Books can be sent by express to La Grange, N. C.

CALIFORNIA.

—The new movement for a Universalist church in San Francisco seems successful in every diredtion. The Sunday School, although but a few weeks old, numbers over one hundred. It has a good Superintendent and an excellent corps of teachers.

CONNECTICUT.

—A friend at Narwick mails us a paper with the following paragraph marked:— The Sabbath School concert at the Universalist church last evening was a fine affair. The church was not as elaborately trimmed as on former occasions, but the altar was handsomely decorated with b quets of Autumn leaves and hanging baskets. The exercises opened with a solo by Miss Rollins, the soprano of the church choir, which was admirably rendered: this was followed by responsive selections, from the youngest to the oldest scholar, interspersed with songs by several Misses, and also by the whole school, and pretty class recitations from the infant members of the school, making a programme as rich as it was entertaining. The services, which lasted nearly two hours, were so interesting and pleasant that the attention of the huge audience which had filled every available inch of room, aisles and all, was held during the entire concert.

General Sunday School News.

—A frontier school in Minnesota, organized nearly one year ago, has been kept up by the earnest labors of one man, who is Superintendent, Librarian, Teacher, Chorister and all. He gathers twenty Scandinavian children about him every Sabbath, and teaches them the Word of God. He says: "As long as I live in this neighborhood, the Sunday School shall be kept alive." The children are as enthusiastic as their Superintendent, for the severity of the cold in that northern climate did not keep them from the Sunday School during the winter.

— The poor children of a Sabbath School at Friendship, Laurens Co., S. C., wishing to do something for missions, an ear of corn was shelled and distributed among them, each child receiving ten grains. They were planted, tilled, and harvested, producing five bushels, which, when sold at auction, realized $16.25, the first contribution of the school for foreign missions.

—The National Homestead for the Orphans of the soldiers of the United States, inaugurated at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1866, has received contributions from a thousand Sabbath Schools in eighteen States, while many private individuals have sent free gifts. One hundred and sixty dependent children — orphans of soldiers and sailors—from sixteen States in the Union, have been brought to enjoy its privileges, and are the evidences of its tender care and judicious culture.

—The Sunday School Society of France reports 913 schools in its connection in that country.

—The Sunday Schools of Sweden claim an average attendance of 20,000 scholars every Lord's day.

—The London Sunday School Union states that there are 1,209 Sunday Schools now in active operation in Germany, containing 4,578 teachers and 80,152 scholars.

—The London Sunday School Union at its last anniversary reported 13 metropolitan and 185 country auxiliaries, including a total of 3944 schools, 93,409 teachers, and 810,813 scholars.

—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's church in London employs 18 colporteurs, who hold cottage meetings, Sunday services, Bible classes, and night schools, besides distributing religious books, of which they sold over $6,000 worth in 1872.

—Philip Philips, the "Singing Pilgrim," conducted 100 Services of Song in Great Britain during the past year, which were attended by over 90,000 persons. His concerts were given under the auspices of the London Sunday School Union, and added £889 to the Continential Mission Fund of that Society.

—In Great Britain, there is said to be an increase of over 490 per cent. in the number of Sabbath school scholars in 33 years, the population in the same time having increased little more than 53 per cent. As long ago as 1850, it was claimed that every fifty-sixth person was a Sabbath School teacher.

—Among the Zulus, in Southeastern Africa, the gospel seems to have had remarkable success. There is a general interest in the field. Girls come in from the vicinity of the stations to be taught. At one station the Sabbath School numbers sixty or seventy pubils, and orderly and attentive congregations listen to the preaching of the word.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXVII.—PAUL.

Question. — Into what city of Europe did the Christian missionaries first enter?

Answer. — Acts xvi. 12.

Q. — Where did they hold services on the Sabbath?

A. — Acts xvi. 13.

NOTE. This was a simple enclosure without roof.

Q. — Of what persons was the congregation composed?

A. — Acts xvi. 13.

Q. — What was the name of one of the women who heard the missionaries, and believed?

A. — Acts xvi. 13.

Q. — What did she do for the missionaries?

A. — Acts xvi. 15.

Q. — As the missionaries went out of the city to the enclosure where they held public services, who followed them?

A. — Acts xvi. 16, 17.

Q. — How often did she do this?

A. — Acts xvi. 18.

Q. — Was Paul pleased or displeased with her conduct?

A. — Acts xvi. 18.

Q. — What was her social position?

A. — Acts xvi. 16.

Q. — What enraged these owners of this young woman, when Paul had taken away her power?

A. — Acts xvi. 19.

Q. — Which of the missionaries were arrested?

A. — Acts xvi. 19.

Q. — What was done with them?

A. — Acts xvi. 20.

Q. — What course did the people of the city take?

A. — Acts xvi. 22.

Q. — What did the magistrates order to be done to Paul and Silas?

A. — Acts xvi. 22.

Q. — Were they severely beaten?

A. — Acts xvi. 23.

NOTE. Moses enacted that punishment by beating should never exceed forty strokes; but the Romans placed no limit to the number, but under their law scourging might continue until death ensued.

Q. — When they were delivered to the jailer, what did he do with them?

A. — Acts xvi 24.

NOTE. The probability is that the missionaries were placed upon their backs upon the damp, cold ground floor of the prison, their backs bleeding from the severe scourging they had received.

Q. — What did Paul and Silas do in the prison?

A. — Acts xvi. 25.

Q. — What loosened the prisoners and opened the prison?

A. — Acts xvi. 26.

Q. — When the jailer saw what had happened, what did he attempt to do?

A. — Acts xvi. 27.

NOTE. Roman officers were responsible with their lives, for the safe keeping of prisoners; and the jailer was anxious to escape the punishment which would be inflicted upon him for not discharging his duty.

Q. — What did Paul urge him not to do?

A. — Acts xvi. 28.

Q. — What did the jailer ask?

A. — Acts xvi. 30.

NOTE. He desired to be saved from the punishment for not keeping his prisoners, or, as earthquakes were among the most fearful occurrences to the ancients, he desired to be saved from the vengeance of the heathen gods whom he feared he had offended.

Q. — What did the missionaries do?

A. — Acts xvi. 32.

Q. — What office of kindness did the jailer do?

A. — Acts xvi. 33.

Q. — Did he become a Christian believer?

A. — Acts xvi. 34.

Q. — As no food had been given to Paul and Silas, what other kindness did the jailer show them?

A. — Acts xvi. 34.

Q. — When the magistrates, in a contempteous way, ordered the jailor to let them go, why did Paul refuse to leave the prisoner?

A. — Acts xvi, 37.

NOTE. No Roman was to be beaten; and the magistrates were fearful of the consequences to themselves of having violated this Roman law.

Q. — What did the magistrates do?

A. — Acts xvi. 39.

Q. — Where did Paul and Silas go?

A. — Acts xvi. 40.